

THE
Modern FANATICKS
 CHARACTERIZ'D.

To which is added,

A PATHETICK
S P E E C H
 TO THE

Pious Brethren
In Conventicle Assembled.

Wherein the *Real Spirit and Designs* of
 that *Discontented People* are Exposed.

*Such Men who build their Faith upon
 The Holy Text of Pike and Gun,
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
 By Apostolick Blows and Knocks,
 Call Fire and Sword, and Desolation,
 A godlike thorough Reformation.*

Hudibras.

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A

S P E E C H

T O T H E

Pious Brethren, &c.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

WE who are here assembled and met together, and all the rest of our *Protestant Dissenting Brethren*, are without Doubt, and past all Dispute, the most Ancient, most Holy, and most Pure of all the Christians upon Earth ; it is then most necessary and expedient, that WE should have the Power and Authority over all other Christians, and make them practise the same Way of Worship, and acknowledge the same Faith as we profess ; that is, Christian Brethren, in all Things to do what WE shall think proper to command them : For can it be supposed, or enter into the Heart of Man to conceive, that a People so *pure*, so *holy*, so *righteous*, and so *merciful* as WE
a 2 are,

are, can do any thing contrary to the Will of God, or the Direction of his Holy Spirit?—But alas we who by our excellent Qualifications are entitled to *command* the World, are only a *Tolerated People*, that is, (to our great Sorrow and Vexation of Spirit be it spoken) are *suffered*, or by a particular Favour *permitted*, to profess and practise our most *pure, holy, and thoroughly Reformed Religion*. This, rightly considered, is using us in a very slight Manner, but we *must* carry a *fair Outside at present, and act our Part politically*: Our Great Ancestor O——C—— is an inimitable Pattern of Policy and deep Design——Is it impossible for a like Genius to exist!——But to proceed: Are we not the Bulwark, the Honour and Glory of the *British Nation*? Must *We* then, such *Supports* and *Pillars*, live under the Character of a *Tolerated People*? 'Tis a Favour, Brethren, an *Act of Pity and Compassion* that *We* are not rank'd among the Number of *Papists*, those *open* and yet *secret Enemies*, as I may justly call them! O the racking Thought!——But the Time may come!——Is it not well known to the whole World, what *great Friends* the Body of Dissenters have always been to *Kings* and *Princes*? Who then can scruple trusting us with their Lives, Fortunes, Power, and *every thing*

thing that is dear and valuable? Can it once be imagin'd that *We* shall ever make an *ill Use of Power*? Have we not given sufficient Proofs to the contrary? — For the Lord's Sake why are we suspected? *O that We were once at the Helm, how finely we would steer!* The Thought is ravishing! How soon would all Animosities be at an end, and, by our *pious Influence*, the People *obliged* to be of *one Mind*! Was there ever any War, any Effusion of Christian Blood when *We* were in Power? Did not Peace and Plenty flourish in the Land, affording a pleasing Prospect, and administering Delight and Comfort to all around us? Who then would not take Satisfaction in our Authority, and with Pleasure obey our Commands, when by that means they would make themselves as happy as they could possibly wish or desire to be? — Who could ever have imagin'd that free-born *Englishmen* would have been discontented under our Government? *O the delightful Word Government!* I could — *but the Times are chang'd!* — Why could we not have supported our Authority when we were in Possession? But Men have always been so various in their Opinions, and so little sensible of their own Happiness, that they are *most discontented* when they have *least Reason* to com-

complain. Were *We* to be angry at *No-thing*, and wanted *Something*, we could not tell *What*, what *Fools* and *Malecontents* might *We* justly be accounted? But, thanks be to God, my dear Brethren, *We* are a *very peaceable, quiet, pious, and good People!* *We* want nothing *unreasonable*, nor wish for any thing that can possibly cause a *Jealousy*. *The Lord prosper us in our Undertaking!*——*We* should never have been reduced to the Condition *We* are in at this time, if an evil-reigning Genius had not subverted our Purposes, and snatch'd the Reins out of our Hands: I need not repeat with what Art the Reins have been managed ever since; you are all thoroughly sensible of it! But I hope all things will be done in an amicable Way: That the Temple of *Janus* may be for ever shut, and the clashing of Arms be no more heard. I think I am speaking with the Tongue of an Angel! *Glory to God on high, and on Earth Peace and Good-Will towards Men*——Bretheren, I am lost in Raptures!——I am almost in a Trance!——I am in a Divine Soliloquy!——But let me return again upon Earth, and give a small Sketch of our noble, generous, and merciful Exploits——To proceed then: Did we ever bring *Majesty to the Block?*——No one surely can presume to lay that to our Charge!

Charge! A Crime of such a Nature could never have been forgotten!— If a Day of *Fasting* and *Humiliation* had been appointed, and that by a *British Parliament*, to implore Forgiveness of God for so horrid a Crime as that of murdering a *King*, and *We* had been the *Regicides*, then indeed the whole World might justly brand us with Infamy— But, *Thanks be to Heaven, our Holy Tribe cannot be charged with such Things!*— Did we ever attempt to destroy *Nobility* Root and Branch? No, 'tis our Glory and Delight, and ever was, to preserve the ancient Constitution of the Kingdom. The *Nobility* sure can never be so mad as to imagine we should even attempt to invade their *Privileges*, or deprive them of their *Estates*: Had *We* indeed ever done such Things, the like might be expected again, were it in our Power.— Did we ever make *Stables* of *Churches*, or deprive *Bishops* of their *Rights*?— Those Reverend Divines must certainly put great Confidence in *Us*, and not fear or suspect any hidden ill Design— Or lastly, Had *We* ever any Divisions amongst our selves? Did not Unity and Concord flourish in our *Tabernacles*, and was not God's Holy Spirit always in our Hearts? O that our *Breasts* were made of *Glass*, that we might show the Sincerity of our
Hearts!

Hearts ! I am astonished, that when we are represented in a *true Light*, any Obstacle should be raised to whatever We shall wish for, desire, or even command. But where am I launching? Command, did I say? Alas! *Tears* and *Supplications*, *Petitions* and *Prayers* are what *We* must have recourse to—Then let us *unanimously Petition*; for I think we may justly expect the utmost Success from such a *Petition*, if we reflect on a late Affair concerning *Indian Weed* and the *Juice of Grapes*.——Thus let us proceed; and when we have *gain'd our Point*, the World shall *soon see* what a *good Use* we shall make of *Power*.——Let us take Courage, my beloved Brethren, and not be cast down. *Popery* increases; *We* have taken Measures to prevent it; and if we are now *flighted*—why then——I dont doubt but we have an *O. C.* amongst us——But however, let a *Petition* be drawn up, and *Unanimity* will crown the *Work*.



T H E

Modern FANATICKS.

I.



SISTER of old *Levi's* tribe,
 Who lately was a lovely bride,
 Now is grown sick with little pain,
 Which makes her ladyship complain;

Her head does ach, her stomach's ill;
 She tells her mate, who has no skill.

The silly man, to bear a part,
 And sympathize with his sweet-heart,
 Does, on the very next *Lord's-day*,
 In pulpit most devoutly pray;

" *God's hand-maid in a pregnant state,*

" Good Lord, remember my dear mate,

B

" And,

“ And, I beseech thee, keep her safe,”
 Was the desires of rev'rend *R—F*.
 What man was ever so beguil'd,
 Thus to proclaim his wife with child?
 And ev'ry year, when it is so,
 We may be sure he'll let us know.
 Some thought this priest would be afraid
 To meddle thus with God's hand-maid,
 But nat'ral causes have effects,
 Which shews none fitter for the sex:
 None have advantages like them;
 The ladies always love such men:
 They conquer wheresoe'er they come,
 In all the parts of *Christendom*.

THIS maiden lady, of proud *Preston*,
 'Twould be a sin to make a jest on,
 Was always train'd up for the Lord,
 Now lately snatch'd up on the road,
 By a pure, godly, learned preacher
 (And none like him to over-reach her!)
 When, at the time of fam'ly-duty,
 He charm'd so much the charming beauty,
Before

Before he'd done with half his pray'r,
 That love o'ercame the lovely fair.
 His language was so ravishing,
 Next time he went, she marry'd him.
 Her mother said, she never cou'd
 Have any man that was so good,
 Whether for better, or for worse,
 An end was put to all discourse;
 But with a blunder, since h'as said,
 That his dear wife was *God's hand-maid*,
 And with a *pregnant maiden-head*.
 As this was some time after marriage,
 The silly man fear'd a miscarriage
 Of that bless'd thing by him begot,
 Which must b' a *Sarah*, or a *Lot* ;
 Some lady great, or mighty prince,
 Whose kingdom will be, far from hence,
 Receiv'd with *Gifts* and *Frankincense*.
 Oh, what a happy generation
 'Twill be, to need no reformation !

II.

THEN, in his very next petition,
 A *hand-maid*, in a worse condition,

He pray'd, *That God would give her rest,*
 Who by the D——l was possesst.
 As soon as these requests were made,
 The *pregnant Spirits* both were laid ;
 That blessed birth, he calls *divine,*
 Can play the D——l with the swine,
 And make all honest, country-men
 Desire, he may depart from them.
 When he does preach into despair,
 He cures again by dint of pray'r :
 And whether it be right, or wrong,
 His prayer is five quarters long ;
 When you have heard a fifth thereof,
 You'll think that you have got enough.
 He'll weary out the *Supream Pow'r,*
 With repetitions a long hour :
 Does shuffle and cut round about,
 Turns all his prayers inside out ;
 And when done so, he'll never shame,
 To turn the outside in again.
 And thus he makes all fresh and new,
 Like ground just turn'd up by the plough.
 So good a knack he has in pray'r,
 As ev'n to split a very hair ;

And

And often generals subdivide,
 Will give it o'er and o'er beside.
 He prays, *All minds may be imprest*
 With his fine words, so nicely prest ;
 Which are like pure, refined gold,
 New-cast in the *Gospel-mould*,
 And gingle so exceeding fine,
 No musick can keep better time.
 What shining stories made of old,
 Has he so oft in pulpit told?
 Of silver pictures, golden apples,
 That's fit for children with their rattles.
 He manufactures all the scriptures,
 And draws religion out in pictures ;
 Tells us of jewels, pearls, and fine things,
 For all whom he to heaven brings.
 'Twould make one sick, to hear and see
 Such talk, with such formality.
 Such looks from such a —— face ;
 Such words so sweet, and full of grace ;
 Such actions must be good and great,
 Pray God he does not prove a cheat !

Says,

Says, that long since, a blessed seed
 From *Noah* and *Adam* did proceed ;
 And says, likewise, they were so evil,
 They sent the seed out of the D——l.
 Such shameful notions, and strange stories,
 Sure ne'er were heard by *Whigs*, or *Tories*.

In his fanatical discourses. [Hudibras.

He summons all his scripture-forces,
 To prove all such as do accord
 With him *the chosen of the Lord*.
 What pains he'll take, till almost spent,
 To make a *hypocritic Saint* ;
 And when he's sober, o'er and o'er,
 He's ten times worser than before.

III.

HE prays for K— and Par—t,
 “ *God make them more significant.*”
 And for all men who are in place,
 That God may give them a little Grace ;
 But for his breth'ren, the *Clergy*,
 He does solicit very largely ;
 “ *God may inable them to bear*
 “ *So many thousand pounds a year.*”

And

And that those reverends may hate
 Bribes and corruptions in the state,
 Of which these worthies make appear,
 By their protection every year.
 He prays the winds may fairly blow
 For all his friends which come and go;
 And that the rain refresh the meadows;
 As eke good husbands may the widows:
 For fathers to the fatherless,
 He oft puts up a long address.
 For travellers by sea and land,
 Does lift up his most holy hand.
 When breaches comes on you for sin,
 He prays, "*That God may stand therein.*"
 And that all appetites, and passions
 May formed be to his new fashions.
 Sets out according to his will,
 Who, silly man, is silly still.
 Prays, that my house may be a *Bethel*;
 But what that is, he cannot me tell;
 Wou'd save this reverend some trouble
 Of repetitions, fifty double;
 That all may be the gifted brother,
 Still praying long for one another;

He

He to besure omitteth none
 He hopes to get a penny from ;
 In order to their paying more,
 He'll pray God may increase their store ;
 But if you once neglect to pay,
 'Tis certain he'll forget to pray :
 Priests are alike, all people say.
 No men like these, for loving self ;
 No man like this preach up himself ;
 Declares his doctrines all sublime,
 And that they come from birth divine :
 Will tell ye, that he does inherit
 All the pure graces of the spirit.
 A shame for any man to say,
 Who falls so often in a day.
 By learned eloquence, he'll raise
 And sound the trumpet of his praise :
 But misapply, like bad divines,
 The word of God to bad designs.
 No priest can more imperious be,
 Nor claim such reverence as he.
 How does he cant, pray, sigh, and sob,
 When nonsense says, 'tis th' word of God

Believe you must, or you're undone,
As sure as death comes by a gun.

IV.

PULPIT, that common-place of batter,
Where priests do all condemn, or flatter;
And will abuse the best of men,
Because there's none must answer them:
His sermons full of railing words,
As if the people were gaol-birds.
Are all made up with declarations,
Issues most dreadful, and damnations:
Base heterogeneous propositions,
With dialogues, and repetitions;
Put into questions and answers:
Like to stage-players, and romancers.
In common conversation shew,
And says, *He'll make all men to know,*
That he's a high-priest, firmly set
In orders, like *Melchizedeck*.
When he's in publick, say it still,
God cannot save against his Will.
Declares God will save none but such
Who are train'd up at his own church;
All others must be left i'th' lurch.

C

And

And says, all Things belong to them
 Who are the pure, right godly men,
 And whatsoever is in Heaven,
 Unto the godly all is given.

These are his only favourites,
 God knows, they're mostly hypocrites.

In pulpit he will single out
 And make all men stare round about :
 Were't not for shame, some would go out.

But suffer him to talk his share,
 Who can in no place talk but there,
 And to so little purpose say,
 That many wish they were away.
 His common talk is all meer cant,
 Insinuating sycophant.

Whatever company he's in,
 He will reprove for fear of sin.

His flaming zeal that's mix'd with ire,
 Would set the universal Globe a-fire,
 And were God's judgments at his call,
 He would destroy both one and all.

Fain would he argue for conviction,
 But will not 'bide a contradiction.

THIS holy man, he never fails,
 To visit all his daughter females;
 And entertains them with fine tales.
 One of the sex most pure and bright,
 A celebrated hypocrite,
 Will take a dram, *rather too much*,
 Always before she goes to church :
 She never wants a trusty bottle,
 To make her shine like *Aristotle*.
 Oft in a day she makes it squeak,
 When it and sweet-lips fairly meet.
 If wants a dram, then she is faint,
 Will sigh and whine just like a saint :
 But if she'll drink ten times as much,
 She'll have the prayers of the church :
 The priest before must pardon her,
 For he's to be executor.
 So learned, wise, and full of skill,
 'Tis he must make the widow's will ;
 And when h'as set her house in order,
 Like to some *Lawyer*, or *Recorder*,
 The next Thing is the *Fun'ral Sermon*,
 For which the priest has made his bargain :

So for *Broad-piece*, and *Mourning Ring*,
 She's sent to heaven in a string.

This pupil-priest a tutor has,

Infallible, and always was ;

A dear, beloved, shining saint,

Who to his priest oft makes complaint :

All tittle-tattle goes about ;

He must be sure to listen to't :

Especially what comes from him,

Who leads the priest like dog in string,

Both guided by the light within.

Right orthodox in all his talk,

Most grave and stately in his walk,

And puritannic in short cloak.

This ruling elder of the *Kirk*,

Keeps the priest tightly to hard work.

He blows the trumpet to the charge,

And makes his pupil talk at large,

Spues out invectives, defamations,

With heavy curses, and damnations :

And those who won't his counsel take,

He sends 'em to a brimstone lake :

Or to the dreadful fire of hell,

But where they are no priest can tell.

He

He flanders out the *Moral Law*,
 To keep the people more in awe.
 The way to heav'n he does command,
 With flaming sword in either hand :
 Will cover all from sin and evil,
 Or send them headlong to the d——l.

V.

W o u ' d you know who this tutor is,
 It's him ne'er said, or did amiss ;
 Nor ever will, I dare to say,
 Step half an inch out of his way.
 So stately, stiff, so proud and stout,
 Wrapp'd with religion round about,
 A sight of him will give the gout.
 He and such saints, priests can but love,
 Whose Conversation is above :
 Has revelations in the night,
 Which makes his head not very right.
 Such whims and fancies then are rais'd,
 That people think he's something craz'd.
 With flights and raptures then excel,
If in the body cannot tell.

The

The great Apostle ne'er did see
 Such glories in his extacy.
 So full is he of fears and fictions,
 His conscience forms fresh contradictions.
 His intellectual conversations,
 His most sublime ejaculations,
 His pure, and constant contemplations ;
 His knowledge what's to come and past,
 Declares him all *Enthusiast*.

SOME think that his religion lies
 Between his bright distilling eyes,
 And that 'tis there so close up-pent,
 He's often forc'd to give it vent :
 Like private whore, or common punk,
 With too much liquor maudlin drunk ;
 Who to some chamber crawl up-stairs,
 And there devoutly fall to pray'rs ;
 Thank heav'n they ne'er did this, nor that,
 Which ought alive cou'd cavil at,
 And blubber out a thousand lies,
 To cover their hypocrisies.

BUT

BUT to go on with strict enquiry,
 And not with repetitions tire ye;
 He's mighty full of affectation,
 Suck'd in at first by education.
 At old *Chow Bent*, that heav'nly place,
 Where many a saint is without grace:
 Full many *Blacksmiths* there are made,
 Who often break in that poor trade,
 As his poor father did (they say)
 When forc'd to keep out of the way:
 But not a word of this, I pray.
 This blade at logick gives a chop,
 Like puppies when they've lost the spot;
 And as a hare makes double turn,
 He'll make it out that fire can't burn;
 And bet with any man alive,
 That three and two does not make five.

ONCE more, to draw his picture right,
 His learning is so deep and bright,
 That in profound philosophy,
 He'll make all opposites agree.
 He's much improv'd, to admiration,
 Knowing extention, and sensation.

Fancies himself a great *Logician*,
 And studies hard to be *Physician*.
 Priests must have two trades always here,
 Since wives are pregnant ev'ry where.
 How vain's that man, who dare correct
 Great *Lock*, or any of his Sect !
 How does he struggle to perplex one
 With num'rous proofs o'th' Resurrection,
 And make't appear, by demonstration,
 As well as any priest i'th' nation?

VI.

AND now his character to finish,
 Nor any ways his parts diminish.
 The *Holy Writ* he will expound,
 And ev'ry bit of it confound :
 In company will catechize you ;
 To pray always he do's advise you.
 Shou'd you invite him to roast-mear,
 His grace is longer than the spit :
 Or if you do to what is boil'd,
 By length of grace 'tis cold and spoil'd.
 If afterwards you'd make a bowl,
 He's frightned to his very soul ;
 For

For if he drinks *rather too much*,
 It will reflect upon the Church,
 And be offensive to the godly,
 Who say and do so very oddly.
 He never speaks a word in vain,
 Is always in a praying frame.
 A strict observer of the *Letter*,
 Yet gets his lesson ne'er the better,
 Off-book he dare not cast an eye;
 Indeed, there is good reason why;
 His time at school was very short,
 Since his poor sire paid nothing for't.
 Is't not a shame, and all a jest,
 To see a *Blacksmith's* boy *High-priest*?
 And sent abroad to be a *Pastor*,
 Who only staid three months with's master?
 The meanest office in the Church,
 Is far too good for any such:
 But were the folk to choose agen,
 They'd ne'er advise with clergy-men,
 Who, like the *Pope*, still recommends
 None but relations, or his friends.

Old *Vulcan* thus prefers his fellows,
 Who're only fit to blow the bellows.
 No men of sense will e'er abide
 To have such *P——ns* for their guide ;
 Those guardian-angels to heav'nly passes,
 Wou'd make all lay-men *Balaam's Asses* :
 From such *Ecclesiastick* vermin,
 May God above deliver all men :
 How many will with me say, *Amen!*

The Enthusiastick PARSON'S
 HYMN *Burlesqu'd.*

FROM *Whitton* in *Britain*,
 Round the *Globe* to *Japan*,
 You may try, and defy
 The world for a man
 So bright, and upright,
 Most wonderful civil ;
 His favour's a saviour,
 His frowns are the d—l.
 You in vain cross the *Main*,
 Your conscience to still,
 Without *Ra--f*, never safe,
 H'as the winds at his will :

People

People say, he does stray
Like a man of true merit;
By the gaze of his face,
You'll see the good spirit.

All females and tell-tales,
Delight much in him;
Where you go, he must know,
And when you come in:
'Tis with such of the Church
He'll cant, sigh, and sob,
Cast his eyes to the skies,
Hold up hands to his —

All is truth, from his mouth,
Must surely command
You to say, and obey,
For fear you be damn'd:
If you pin but on him,
Your faith on his sleeve,
Ne'er condemn any men,
Who in him believe.

He

He will cure, to besure,
 And pardon your sin,
 Then be stout, and hold out,
 And rely upon him:
 Make your end, and depend
 On the Priest for the bliss;
 He will tell you full well,
 H'as heaven for a wish.

LONG *Kale*, and lousy *Cabbige*,
 Boil'd with *Guts*, and *Garbige*,
 Is only fit for that Beast's Corporation,
 Who'll spue, piss, and shit,
 Himself ev'ry bit,
 Since he's not of th'Almighty's creation.

For he'll curse his Father, and Mother,
 Nay, his Sister, and eke his Brother,
 There is not a Wretch-like him in the World,
 Who lives like a Hog,
 And dies like a Dog,
 To the Dung-hill, in Wheel-barrow hurl'd.

F I N I S.

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